Oth. Well, thou doeſt beſt.

Lod. Sir, you ſhall vnderſtand what hath befalne,
Which, as I thinke you know not: here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the ſlaine *Rodorigo*;
And here another; the one of them imports
The death of *Caſsio*; to be vndertooke --- by *Rodorigo*.

Oth. O villaine.

Caſ. Moſt heatheniſh, and moſt groſſe.

Lod. Now heres another diſcontented paper,
Found in his pocket too, and this it ſeemes,
Roderigo meant to haue ſent this damned villaine,
But that belike, *Iago*, in the nicke
Came in, and ſatisfied him.

Oth. O the pernitious catieffe!
How came you *Caſsio* by a handkercher,
That was my wifes?

Caſ. I found it in my chamber,
And he himſelfe confeſt it euen now,
That there he dropt it, for a ſpeciall purpoſe;
Which wrought to his deſire.

Oth. O foole, foole, foole.

Caſ. There is beſides in *Roderigoes* letter
How he vpbraides *Iago*, that he made him,
Braue me vpon the watch, whereon it came,
That I was caſt; and euen but now he ſpake,
After long ſeeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago ſet him on.

Lod. You muſt forſake this roome, and goe with vs,
Your power and your command is taken off,
And *Caſsio* rules in *Cypres*: for this ſlaue,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It ſhall be his: you ſhall cloſe priſoner reſt,
Till that the nature of your fault be knowne
To the *Venetian* State; come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you, a word or two,
I haue done the State ſome ſeruice, and they know't;

No

No more of that: I pray you in your
When you ſhall theſe vnlucky deede
Speake of them as they are; nothing
Nor ſet downe ought in malice, then
Of one that lou'd not wiſely, but too
Of one not eaſily iealous, but being v
Perplext in the extreame; of one wh
Like the baſe *Indian*, threw a pearle
Richer then all his Tribe: of one who
Albeit vnuſed to the melting moode,
Drops teares as faſt as the *Arabian* t
Their medicinall gum; ſet you dow
And ſay beſides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a *Malignant* and a *Turb and*
Beate a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the Sta
I tooke by'th throate the circumciſed
And ſmote him thus.

Lod. O bloody period.

Gra. All that's ſpoke is mard.

Oth. I kiſt thee ere I kild thee, no
Killing my ſelfe, to die vpon a kiſſe.

Caſ. This did I feare, but thought
For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartane dog,
More fell then anguiſh, hunger, or th
Looke on the tragicke lodging of this
This is thy worke, the obiect poiſons
Let it be hid: *Gratiano*, keepe the ho
And ceaze vpon the fortunes of the M
For they ſucceed to you, to you Lord
Remaines the cenſure of this helliſh v
The time, the place, the torture: O i
My ſelfe will ſtraite aboord, and to th
This heauy act with heauy heart relat

FINIS.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32)